

POLICE

COMICS

OCTOBER No.95

10¢

**PLASTIC
MAN**

gets the laugh
on
SCOWLS!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS



CLOWN
\$2.95



NOW WATCH ME HAVE
SOME FUN WITH THE
GANG TONIGHT AT
THE MASQUERADE



MICKY
MOUSE
\$3.95

(©Walt Disney
Prod.)



SATAN
\$2.95



Minstrel
(Black Face)
\$2.95



DONALD
DUCK
\$3.95

(©Walt Disney
Prod.)

MASKS AVAILABLE

IDIOT MONKEY LADY KILLER
CLOWN OLD MAN OLD LADY 4 EYES
TRAMP SATAN BLACK FACE
MONSTER MAN SOPHISTICATED LADY

All masks above are \$2.95 each

MICKY MOUSE MINNIE MOUSE

DONALD DUCK at \$3.95 each

Special Santa Claus at \$4.95



IDIOT . . . \$2.95

Yes, here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.

MONKEY \$2.95



**SEND
NO MONEY!**

**RUSH
COUPON
NOW**

Just mail coupon. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced \$2.95 except Santa Claus (\$4.95) and Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and Donald Duck (at \$3.95 each). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All Masks guaranteed perfect

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, INC.

6044 Avondale Avenue, Dept. 53MX Chicago 31, Illinois

Rubber-For-Molds, Inc., 6044 Avondale Ave.,
Dept. 53MX Chicago 31, Ill.

Send me the Masks checked Below

- ☐ Idiot ☐ Monkey ☐ Lady Killer
☐ Clown ☐ Old Man ☐ Old Lady
☐ 4 Eyes ☐ Tramp ☐ Satan
☐ Black Face ☐ Monster Man
☐ Sophisticated Lady
☐ Mickey Mouse
☐ Minnie Mouse
☐ Donald Duck
☐ Santa Claus

() Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage
() Ship postpaid, Payment in full enclosed herewith

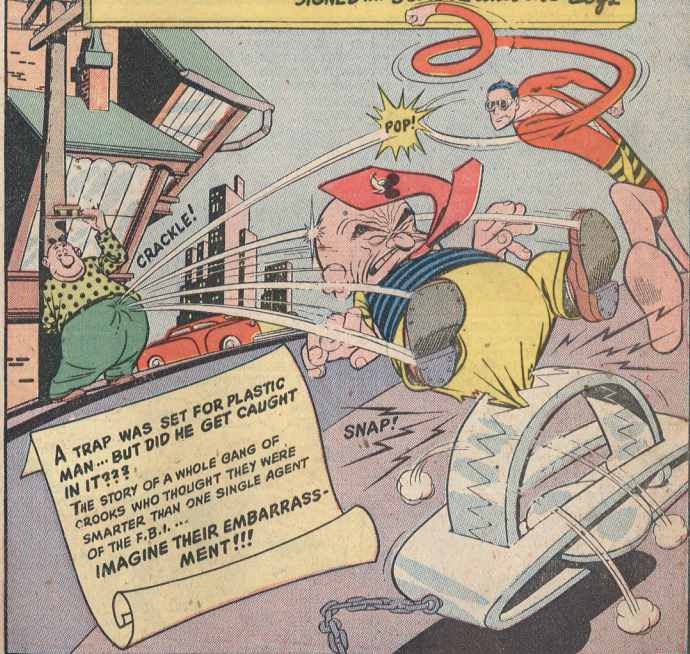
NAME _____
(Print Plainly)
STREET _____
CITY _____ Zone _____ State _____

WANTED!

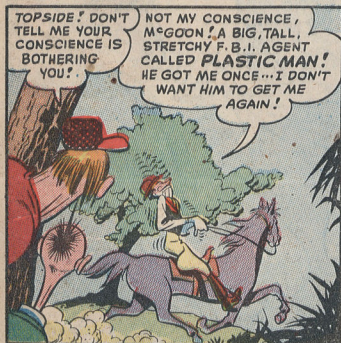
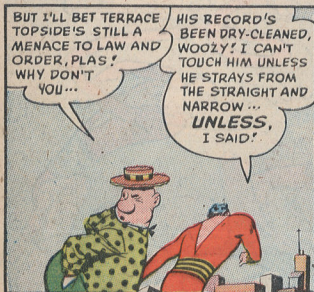
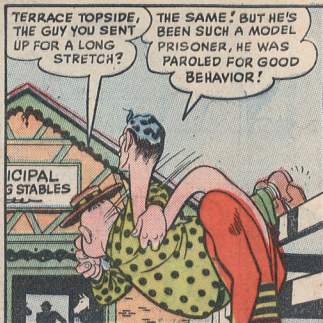
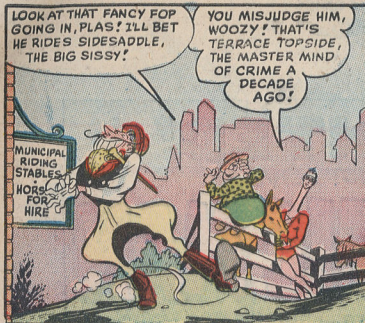
DEAD, NOT ALIVE!

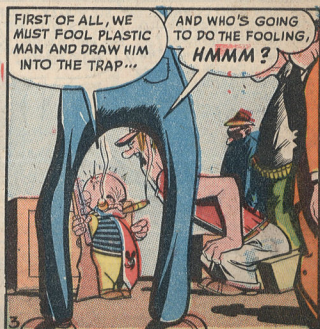
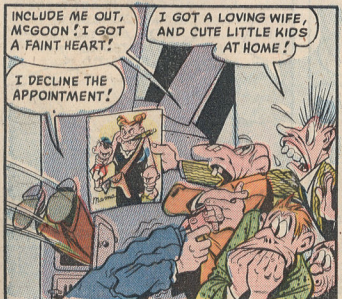
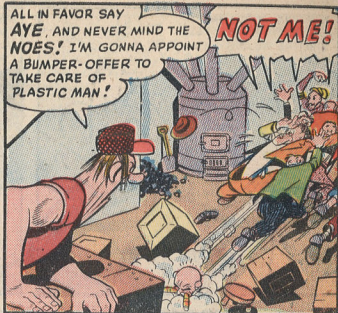
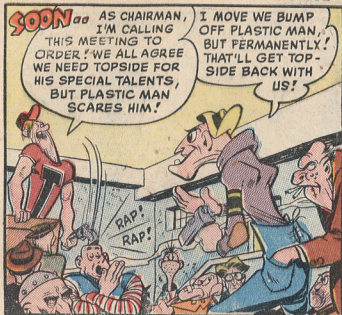
PLASTIC MAN

SIGNED *Scowls and the Boys*

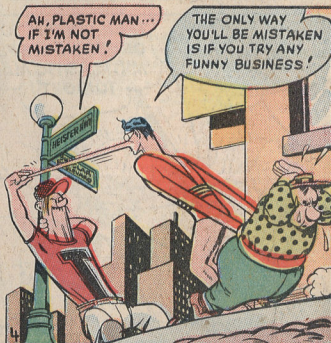
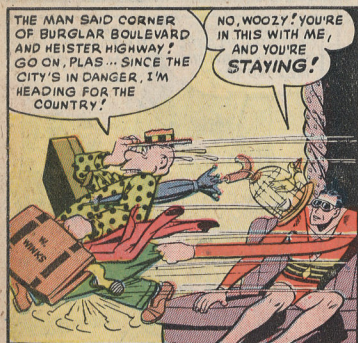
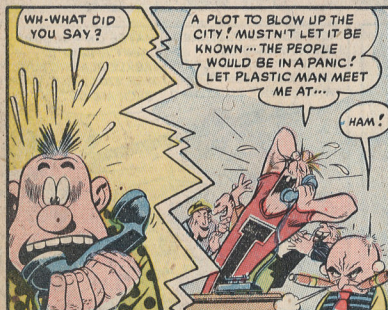
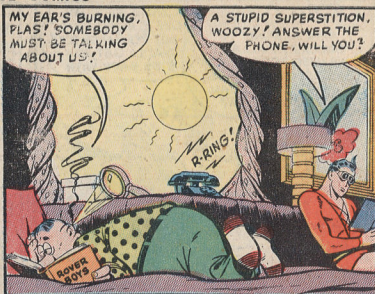


POLICE COMICS

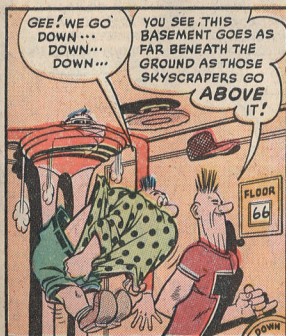
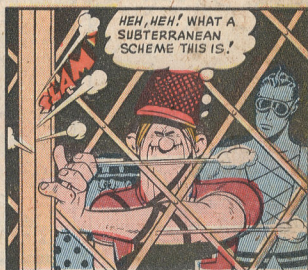
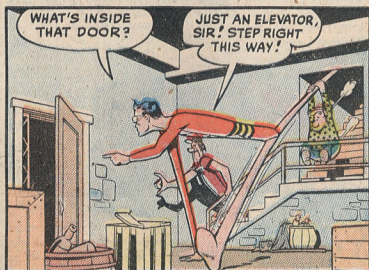
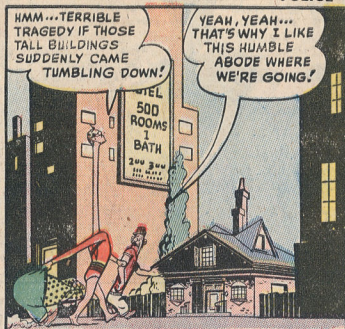


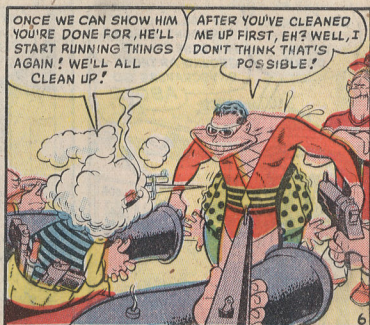
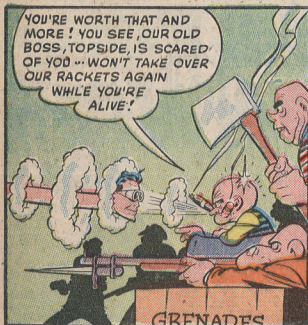
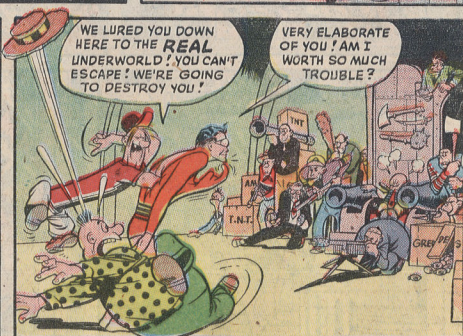
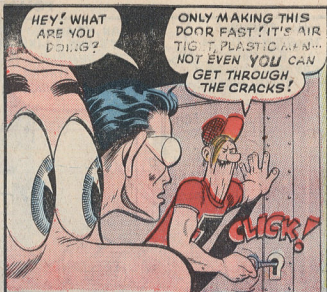
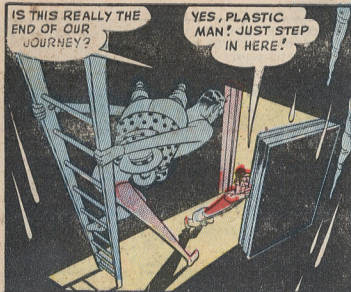


POLICE COMICS

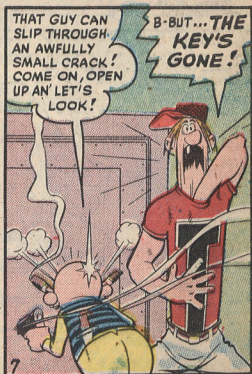
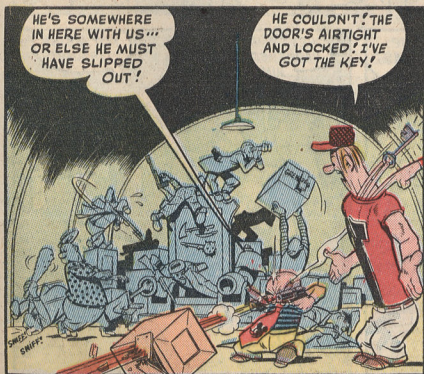
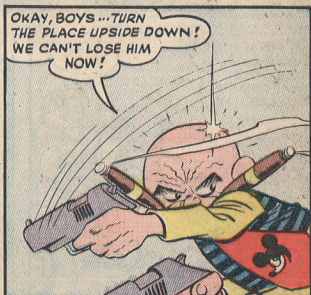
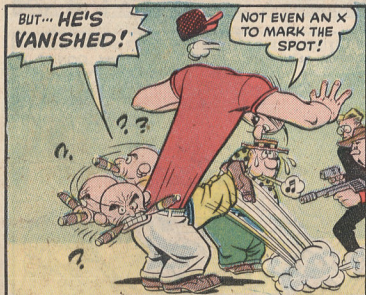
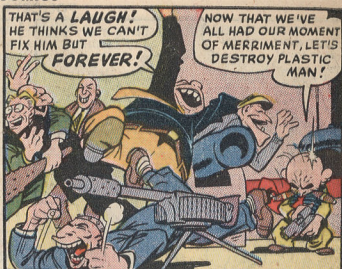
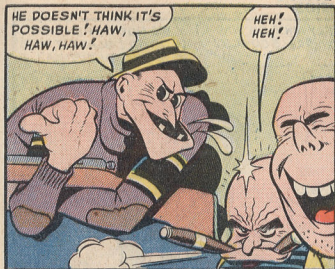


POLICE COMICS

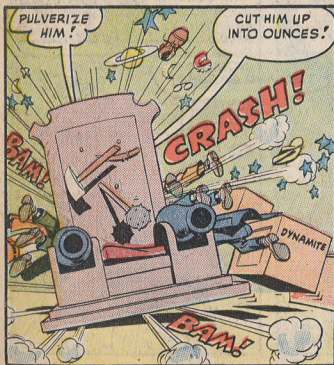
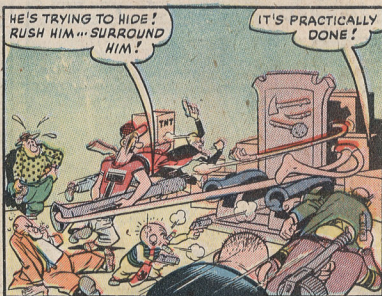
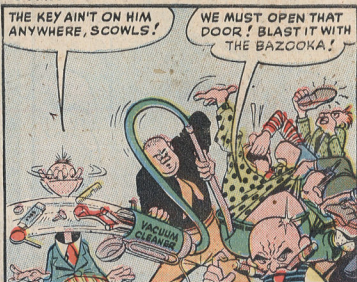
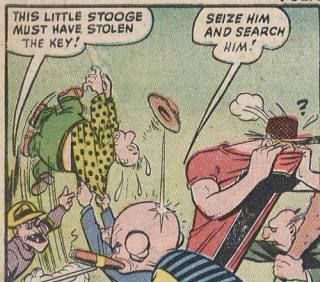




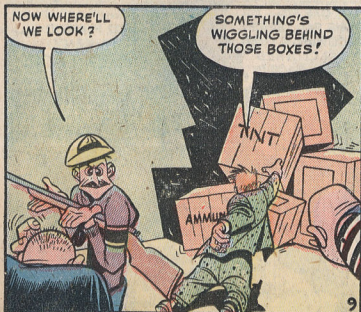
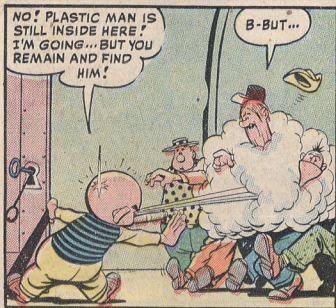
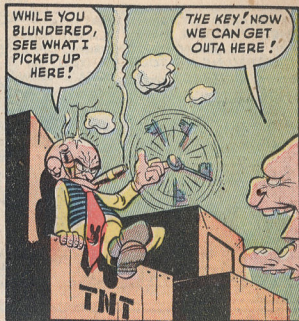
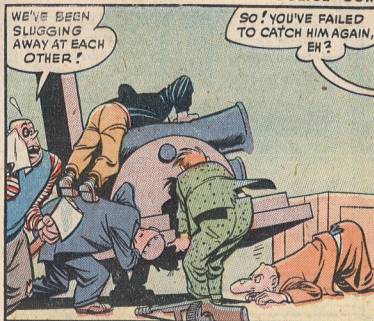
POLICE COMICS



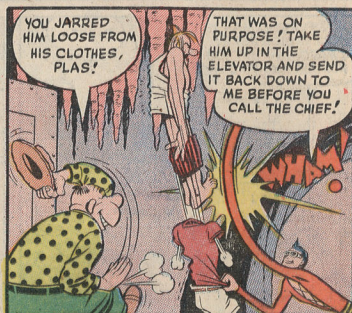
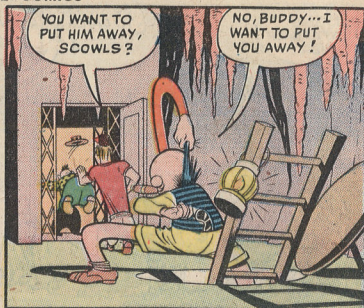
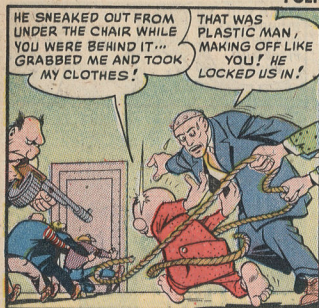
POLICE COMICS



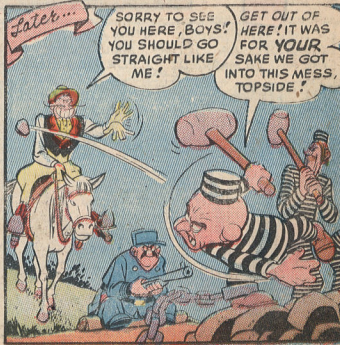
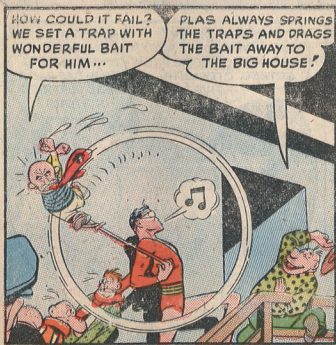
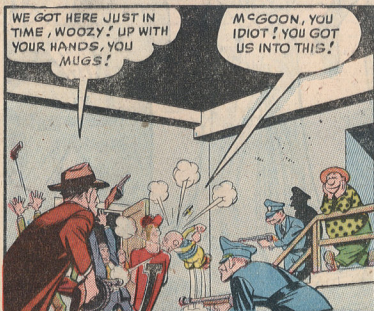
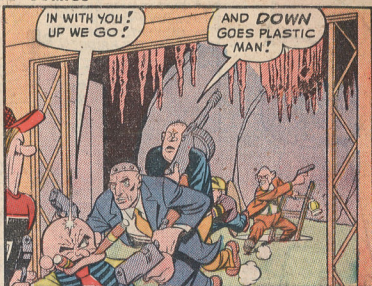
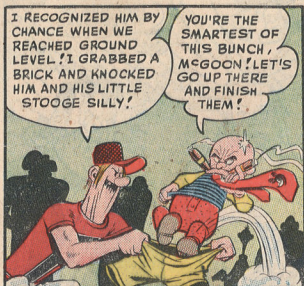
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

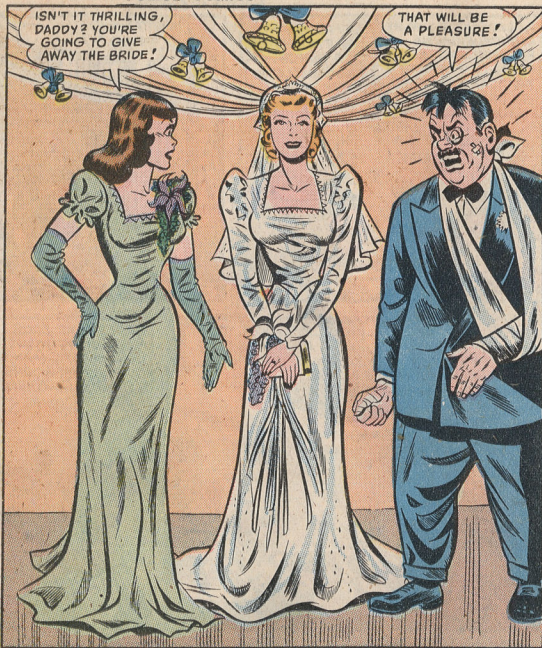


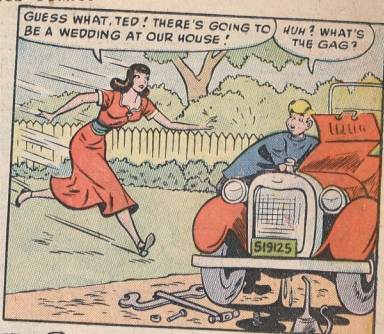
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

CANDY

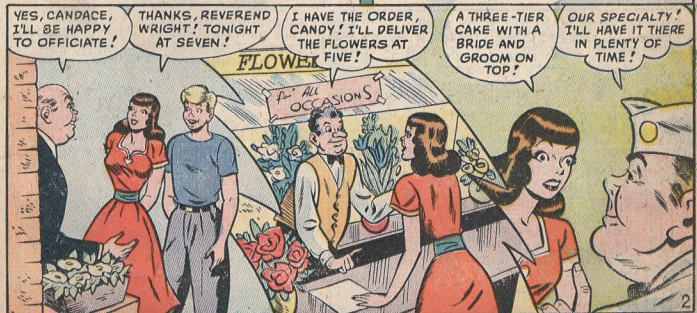
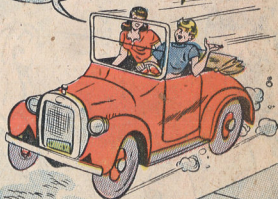




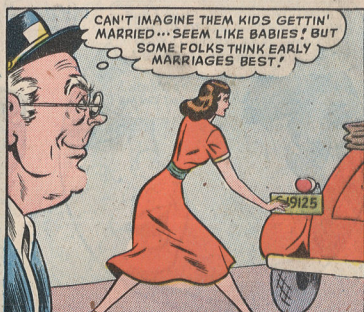
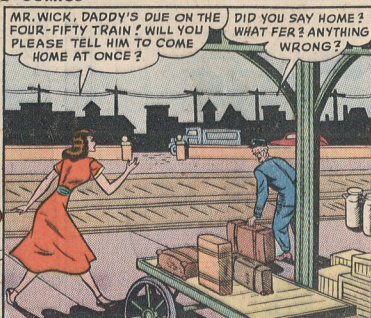
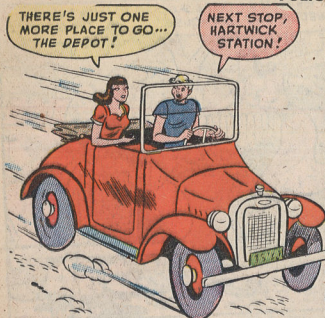
Later ...

GOLLY! AUNT EMILY'S GOING TO WEAR MOM'S WEDDING DRESS AND I'M TO BE BRIDESMAID AND YOU'RE THE BEST MAN!

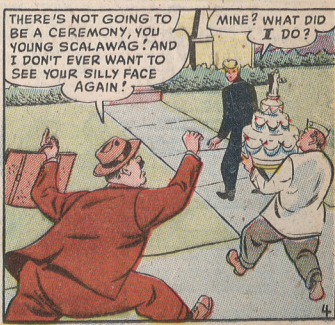
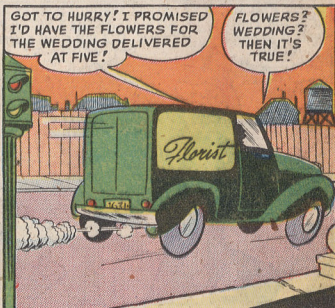
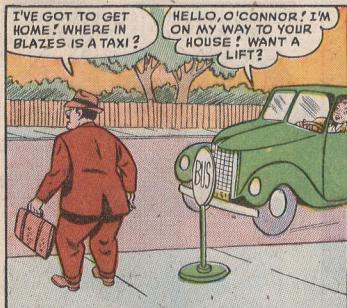
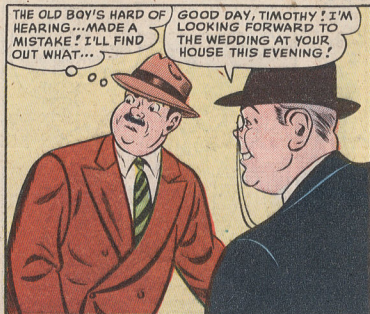
AND WE'VE GOT TO SEE THE PREACHER, THE FLORIST, THE BAKER...

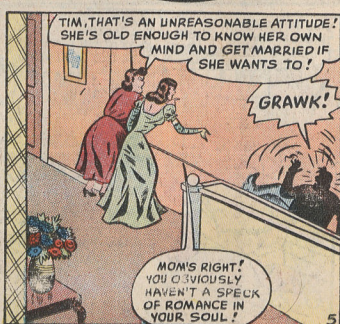
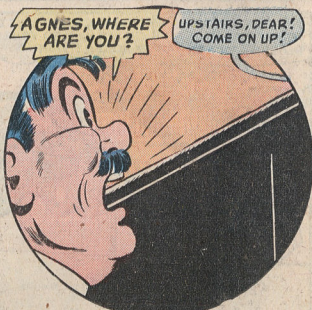
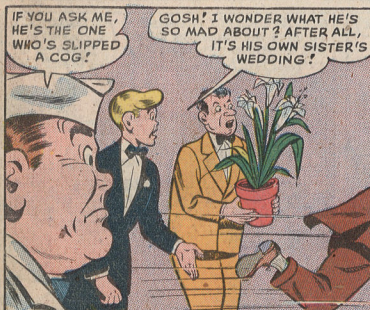
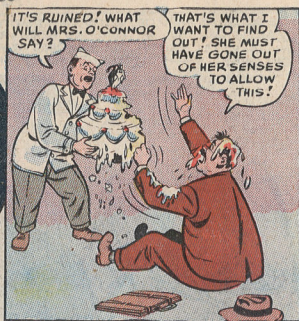
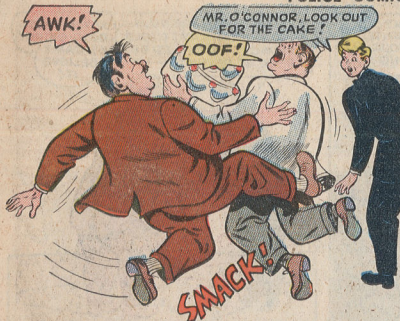


POLICE COMICS

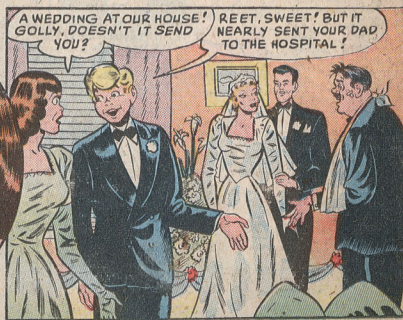
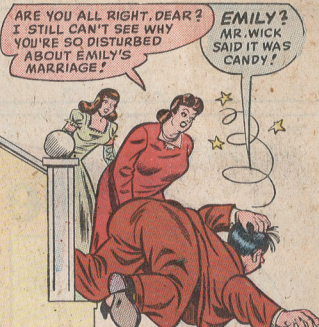
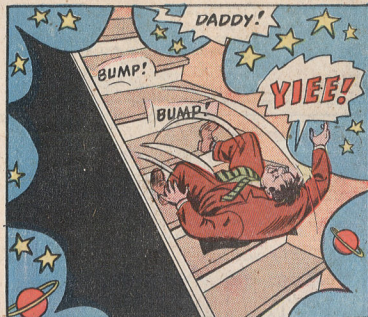


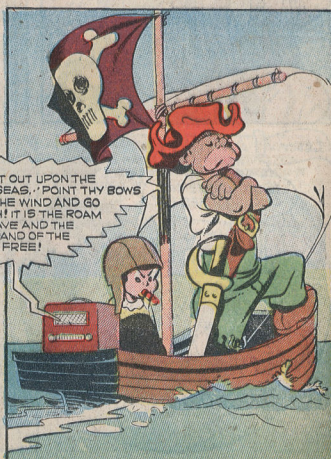
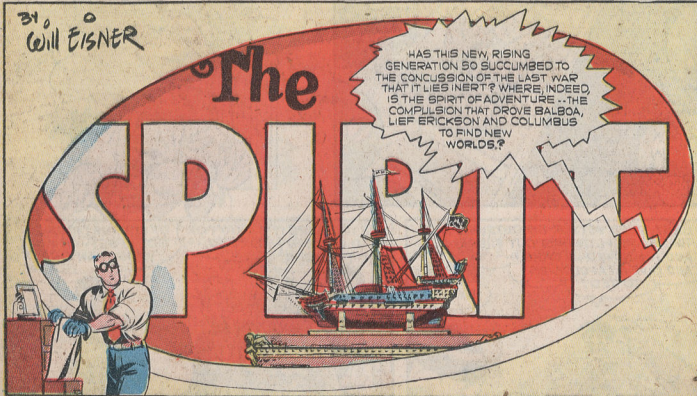
POLICE COMICS

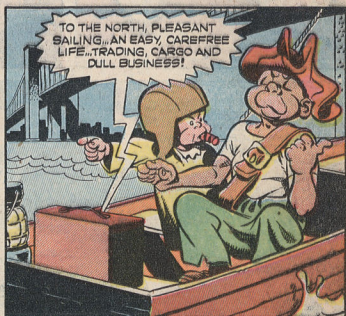
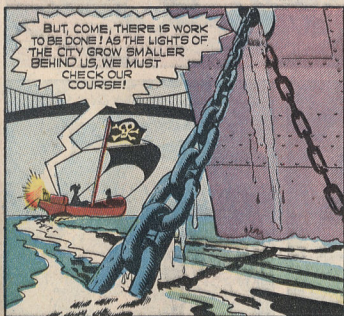
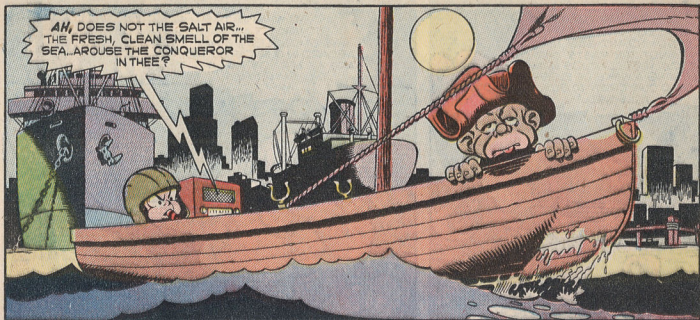


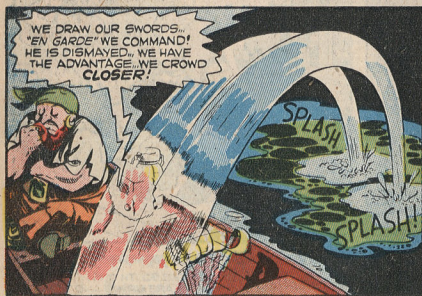


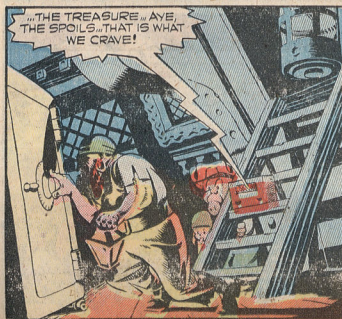
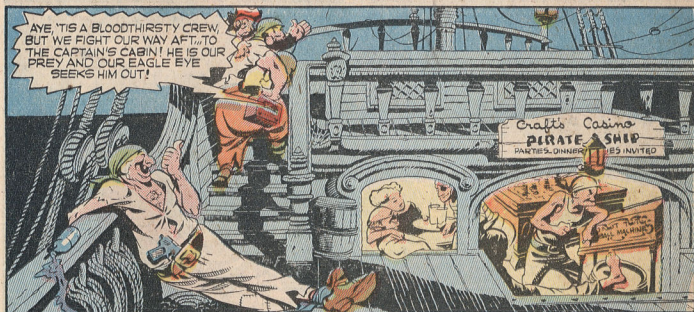
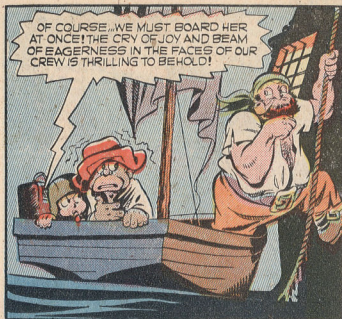
MOM'S RIGHT! YOU OBVIOUSLY HAVEN'T A SPECK OF ROMANCE IN YOUR SOUL!

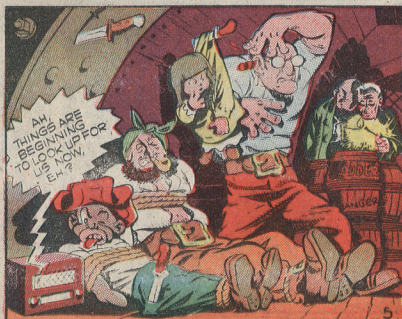


BY
 Will EISNER


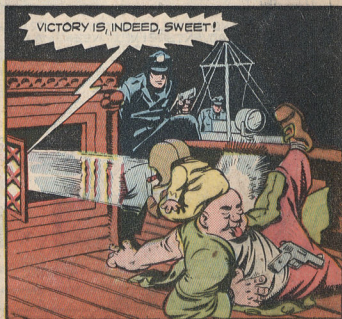
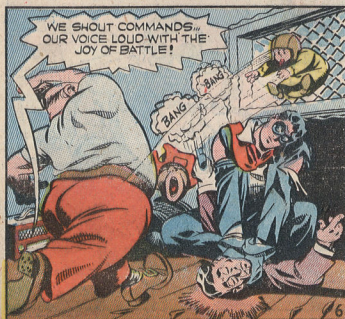
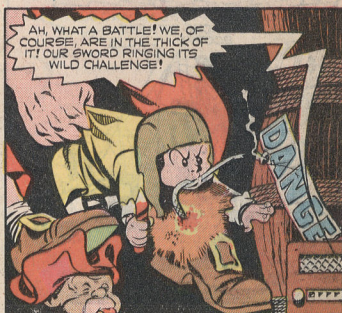
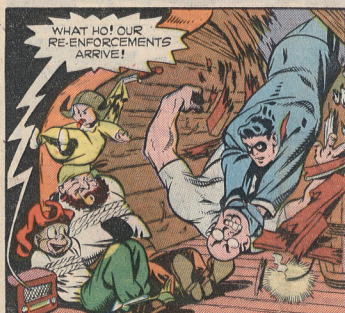
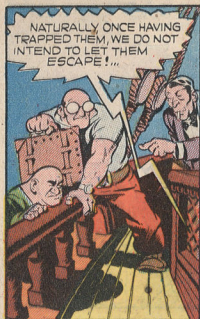


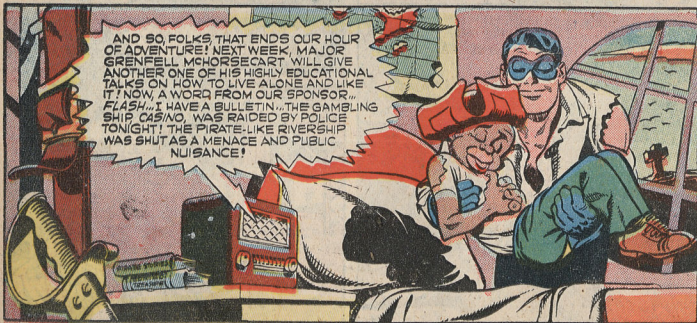
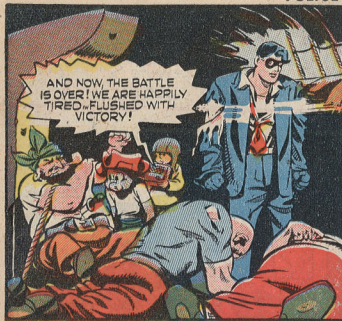






POLICE COMICS





The LONG Stretch

WOOZY WINKS was strolling idly across the George Washburn Bridge when it happened. There was a snap, a wild yell of alarm and then a fusillade of spitting, crackling violence as a high tension electric wire broke. For a moment the end whipped across the iron of the bridge framework, snapping and blazing with purple fury. Woozy ducked and a man patching a tire on his parked jalopy yelled and ran wildly away from the animated demon.

"Look out!" someone bawled in frantic terror. "If that broken wire falls into the river, we'll all be electrocuted."

Suddenly a flash of red, striped with black and yellow, shot past Woozy and over the bridge rail. Woozy's dazed eyes saw a pair of weird feet wrapped like cables around an iron upright and, peering over, he saw the figure of Plastic Man stretched far down to halt the plunging wire scant inches above the water.

"Plas," Woozy yelled. "You'll be electrocuted—" He broke off, gulping as he remembered that Plastic Man's body was a natural insulator against high tension current.

"Don't worry about me, Woozy," Plastic Man said, his neck snaking back so that his face was on a level with that of his friend. "I can hold this wire until the bridge tenders get the power shut off and a repair car down here. But in the meantime, something horrible may happen at any moment. You've got to help me."

"S-sure, Plas," Woozy stuttered. "Anything at all."

"This wasn't an accident," Plastic Man said softly. "The wire was cut by a high-powered rifle slug. The idea was to create a diversion and tie me up like this long enough for Jack the Jerk to escape across the river. He broke prison an hour ago and is heading west with his mob. You've got to stop them while I'm holding this."

"Me?" Woozy bleated. "But how?"

"I have a plan," Plastic Man began and then broke off. "It's too late. Here they come in that black sedan, making a run for it. Use your own judgment, Woozy, but for goodness sakes, do something!"

Woozy looked wildly around and his eyes fell on the old jalopy, abandoned by the curb, one wheel jacked up, tire and tube lying beside it. With a grunt, he sprang into the old car and started the engine. Disregarding the jack, he slammed it into gear. The car lurched, slammed off the jack and slewed sideways, right into the path of the onrushing sedan.

There were wild yells, the scream of rubber and then a crash. Woozy was flung to the pavement. As he picked himself up dazedly, three tough hoods burst from the wrecked sedan, flourishing guns.

"He did it," yelled the leader. "I'll take the time to get even with him before we snatch another car. Nobody can do that to me and get by with it."

"No, Jack," howled one of the thugs. "Plastic Man may be here."

"Sure he's here," laughed the boss and pointed to the dark red line looped over the iron post. "He's holding that high tension wire I shot off. If he drops it, plenty of people may be electrocuted. He won't risk that."

"No," Woozy wailed, backing away on trembling legs. "You got me all wrong, boys. I'm just a poor driver."

He saw the gun level at him and then a red streak zipped out of the wreckage of the two cars and Jack's gun flew over the railing. "I wouldn't fool with my friend if I were you," Plastic Man said, and his smashing fists emphasized his words in a manner that left the three thugs battered and limp in the circle of his arm.

"But—but—but—" Woozy cried frantically, "you can't be you up here, Plas, because that's you over there, still holding up the wire."

"Afraid not," Plas chuckled, signalling for a police car to come out and collect his captives. "The kind friend who left this old car also left a fine old red rubber inner tube that not only held up the light wire safely but looked enough like my legs to fool the casual observer. We owe this capture to the owner of the jalopy, and the reward will just about buy him a new car."

MANHUNTER



CARRY YOUR BAG, MISTER?

Manhunter addressed death and destruction in almost those exact words on the night that...

AS OFFICER DAN RICHARDS GOES OFF DUTY...

YES, I'M HEADING FOR THE STATION HOUSE! WHY?

I FOUND THIS SUIT-CASE IN THE GUTTER! IT LOOKS VALUABLE! MAYBE YOU'D BETTER TAKE CHARGE OF IT UNTIL THE OWNER REPORTS ITS LOSS!



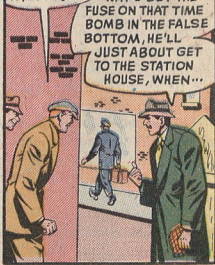
COME ALONG AND MAKE A REPORT OF FINDING THE CASE!

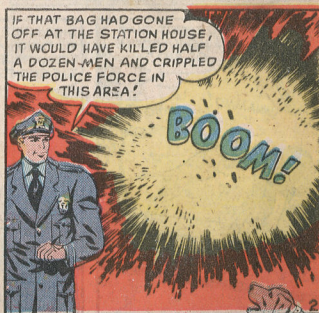
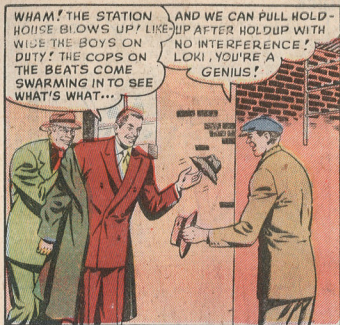
SORRY, I'VE GOT A DATE UP THE STREET! I'LL SEE YOU DOWN THERE IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES!

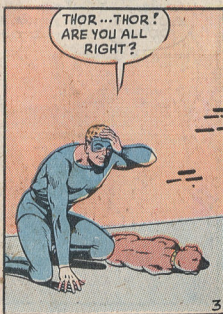


DID THAT DUMB COP FALL FOR IT, LOKI?

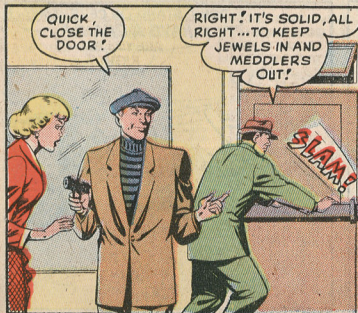
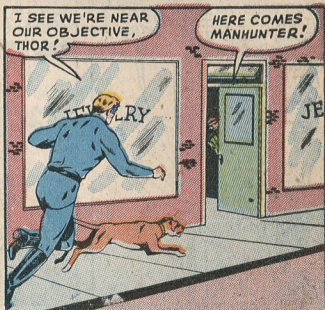
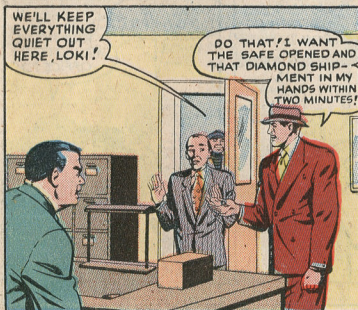
LIKE A TON OF BRICKS! THE WAY I SET THE FUSE ON THAT TIME BOMB IN THE FALSE BOTTOM, HE'LL JUST ABOUT GET TO THE STATION HOUSE, WHEN...

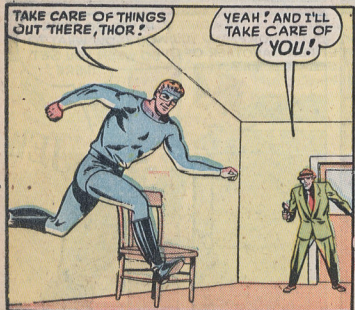


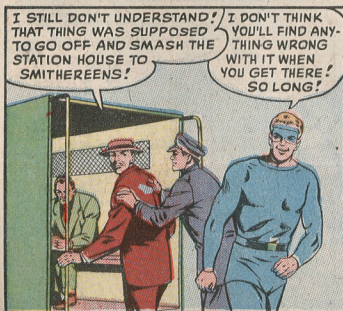
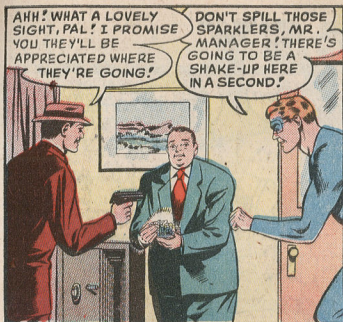




POLICE COMICS

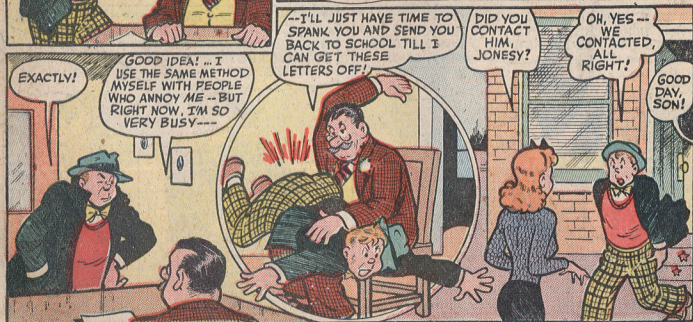
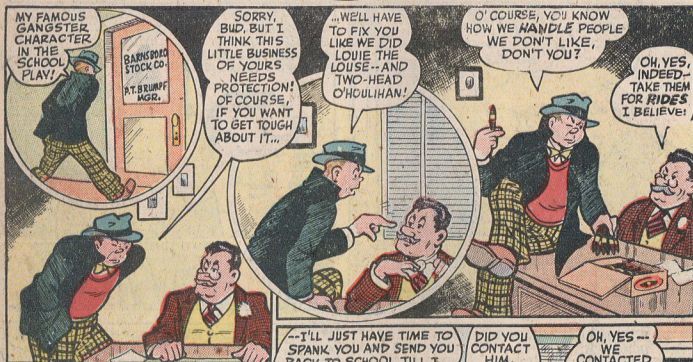






POLICE COMICS

JONESY



Boys!
Jim Prentice now brings you
THE AMAZING
NEW 1950

ELECTRIC BASEBALL

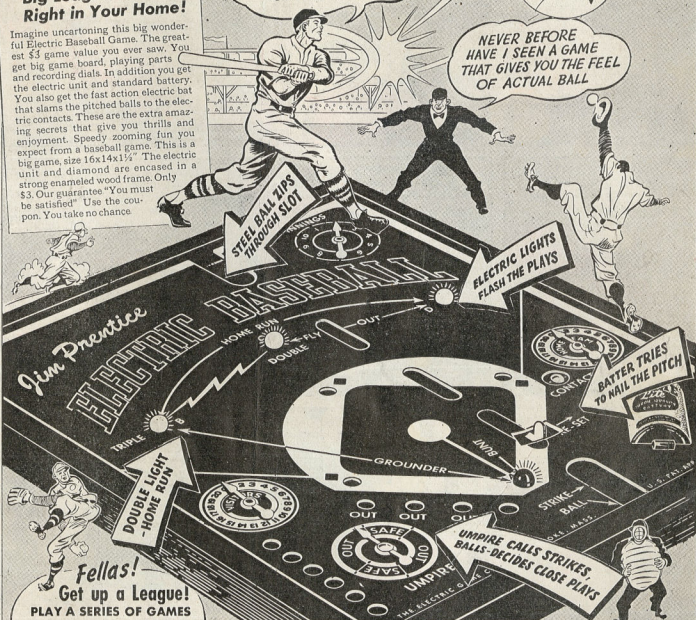
TRUE-TO-LIFE ACTION Big League Thrills... Right in Your Home!

Imagine uncantoning this big wonderful Electric Baseball Game. The greatest \$3 game value you ever saw. You get big game board, playing parts and recording dials. In addition you get the electric unit and standard battery. You also get the fast action electric bat that slams the pitched balls to the electric contacts. These are the extra amazing secrets that give you thrills and enjoyment. Speedy zooming fun you expect from a baseball game. This is a big game, size 16x14x1 1/4". The electric unit and diamond are encased in a strong enameled wood frame. Only \$3. Our guarantee "You must be satisfied" Use the coupon. You take no chance.

IT'S ONE SWEET GAME!
I PLAY IT WITH MY BOY...
WE GET A GREAT KICK
OUT OF IT!

IT'S A
HIT!

NEVER BEFORE
HAVE I SEEN A GAME
THAT GIVES YOU THE FEEL
OF ACTUAL BALL



Fellas!

Get up a League! PLAY A SERIES OF GAMES

Each fellow represents his favorite team. Set up a schedule, with double headers. Keep the scores, figure percentages. Award a pennant for first place, just like the big leagues. Order a game for your club today. Send \$3, with the coupon. We'll rush the game complete with all parts and battery ready for your first game. Only \$3, postpaid. C.O.D. \$1. deposit. Postman collects balance plus fee.



THE ELECTRIC GAME CO.

98 Front Street, Holyoke, Mass.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL

The Electric Game Co., Inc., 98 Front St., Holyoke, Mass. Amount Enclosed \$. . .

- | | |
|--|---|
| ☐ Baseball, Electric \$3. | ☐ Transformer plug-in models |
| ☐ Football, Electric \$3. | ☐ Baseball, Super El. \$10. |
| ☐ Basketball, Elec. \$3. | ☐ Football, Super El. \$10. |
| ☐ Flash Quiz, Elec. \$3. | ☐ All Games Sent Postpaid |

C.O.D.
Send \$1. deposit
Postman collects
balance and fee.

Name PLEASE PRINT

Street

City State

*Super Electric Games, size 22" x 14" x 2", wood frames with transformer and plug in cord for AC house current. Price \$10.00 postpaid.

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



FOCUSING ON
THE FIREBUG



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM AN ALL-DAY BIKE-HIKE WHEN SUDDENLY...

LOOK! FIRE IN THE WAREHOUSE! AND THAT MAN...

...MUST BE THE MYSTERY FIREBUG THE POLICE ARE AFTER!



...MAYBE THE PICTURE I TOOK WILL CLEAR UP SOME OF THE MYSTERY! GET THIS FILM DEVELOPED, FELLAS, WHILE I JET OVER TO THE FIRE-STATION FOR HELP!



WITH ALL-OUT JET SPEED, U.S. ROYAL--LEADING THE FIRE-TRUCK--IS SOON ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE BURNING WAREHOUSE...



...WHERE THE FIREMEN FIGHT THE BIG BLAZE WITH ALL THEY'VE GOT!

GOOD! HERE COME THE BOYS WITH THE DEVELOPED INFRARED FILM I TOOK!



WELL, THE FIRE'S OUT... THE WAREHOUSE IS SAVED... BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO THE FIREBUG IS...

NO, BUT THIS WILL SHOW US WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE... THE REST OUGHT TO BE EASY!



THE NEXT DAY, THE FIREBUG IS BROUGHT IN, MAKES A FULL CONFESSION WHEN HE SEES THE PICTURE OF HIMSELF IN ACTION!

...IN APPRECIATION FOR A LITTLE FAST LENSWORK... PLUS A LOT OF FAST FOOTWORK!

PLUS OUR U.S. ROYALS!



FELLAS, WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES-- WITH THAT SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT **BIKE COMICS**! GET YOUR COPY TODAY--AT YOUR **U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRE DEALER'S**, IT'S **FREE!**

U. S.
BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science